

THE SISTER

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Translated by Steve Kuusisto

Once I had a sister, a golden child.
She became lost in a crowded city.

If, among black fir-trees
I see a young birch shake out her golden curls,
I remember my sister.

Does she stand with large eyes among the trees
and with a beating heart
reach out for me with her hands?

Sister, my sister, where did they take you?
What dreams of pleasure can you have
on tired beds?

Heroic child, happy child!
Together we're waiting
for the day of the fairy-tales.

From *Samlade Dikter*: Wahström & Widstrand, 1977.